for 1½ hours before we know. Thank God to wait for the summer. But only what can be done without adding to your preposterous labours. Such a thing as Neville L: His not the man Lords for As I last knew him. He painted fading landscapes, one moon, one lake, one cow, one silk: but not a terrible sun rising a ball of fire from the ocean bed. Tell me how. Your work about Rock & D.W. who has just sent me her poems, with a fanfaronade by Yeats.

Came & crawl — on my back, but Lord be grand better tonight. It's proofs this week I hope. G V.

How's Maurice?

I'm awake; thankful — very much
Castello C/o Pitman — just please,
Rota 2.4.63

Monkstowne. 14th July/36

Tuesday

Ho, I hadn't forgotten the Coachman. But only
Lend me the understanding for whom.
Why aren't you here this moment? I'm alone.
L. gone to London for 2 days! We came in
Thursday meaning to go back yesterday, but I
was so done up, I decided to make an
end of London altogether, try a complete
rest here. In fact the last few days
were useless, as I found I'd lost hope alone
Since Early; now I've had 4 days in bed, &
feel the sap in my brain again. I mean to rest
& work & live like a hermit till I've done
the proof - I don't fear 'em up. It's odd -
I always swore I'd never try a long book, as I
always crack up in the middle of a book: a
just was saying to L. wish this one I've got
through, when I smashed. Never again -
never another long book for me. Hang it
this one wants cutting still - & heaven knows

how much I ought not to write, yet to be presentable.
That what comes of dashing ahead in a flow & a
a roaring delight. without forcing oneself to re-read &
correct as one goes. Never again. Just it
face me some superb months of fun. &
Darcey there are flashes of virtue in it,
amid a waste of trash.
I heard from Elizabeth — a very nice long Travellers letter.
Please thank her. I'll write when I'm less ga mush.
But tell me: (oh I wish I could see you — even
hear you on the telephone): first: about Dottie.
Did the divine Vita? No, I daresay not. I had a
letter — but always the same Kind cool calm, &
Complete modesty which I adore. Yes I've shown her
all the faults in her book. Then: about H. Lytton.
Please scribble off a history & portrait as he alone
Can. Lying in bed, I've been reading Blunt's
memoirs, recalling how my intercourse
with Judith: how the
brother was in love with Victor: how
he was in love with Pamela: & then, why I dont
know, the married Neville, who used to
come to a Club we had, called the Fridays Club,
in Pimlico destroyed & effete. Often then
marriage. I never saw them. long to know why he
left her: what he did: what she did:
& what's up now. So do tell me.
And I'll write, & come, when in
October. But you
will come
here. V.

Rota 2.4.63

(2 S.)

X The Legacy of X
past Monegs Thanksgiving. Monday 20th July

Well, Ethel dear, I take my pen instantly 1936
as you see to answer your questions.
1 About the publishing: I say that
if you publish after Oct. 31st you must lose
the Xmas trade, because all the shops are
stocked & won't buy more. (I've just had
this applied to me! We can't do my proofs by
Oct: the book must wait till after Xmas — so
be it) But surely G.H. could be made
to listen to the argument, & stretch a point in
your favour. Tell them the facts, & I'm sure
they could squeeze them in now.
2. The Sales of Peace seem to me neither
thing nor the other. I should call them good
for that priced book: but then your
publicity & reputation are such — not a bad
review & ask out in a flock on the
day of publication — would make one
dream of 5,000. Still, it's astonishing. V

own cupboard save up its skeletons, how small the daily
grind looks are. L- has just been saying how good it is
when one agrees with one's books tells God. Do we
come to Vita's my letter. I went on to my
details - merely said I thought her Joan
lacked outline, angularity: was tied down
by a myriad glittering threads of fact: & never
then lifted herself off the ground: but praised Vs
facinen, in inheritor, though told her the rat too
form on the hedge for any picture to emerge.
C- Ooh I thought very much to the point (though
Carefully muffled) & should myself have said
much the same - Vita entirely agreed - with me,)
mean. And then - what other specters was
there? Oh my health. I won't boast, but
I think my week in bed has done the trick:
that is, I've worked one hour daily; &
without feeling that ache it an a sofa.
But if I were to tell you the history of the
part 3 months — if I were ever proud
of myself. It would be that I did not — well, well.
I don't want to go into it - you can't think what
a legacy insanity leaves behind it — how
the specters come out on a sleepless night.
But that's over.

Rota 2.V.63

NYPL

Saturday July 25. 1936

Here the Cellis back. Well. I wish one
of these days you'd explain why you
relish praise - it psychologically
is interesting to me - your need of it.
Or am I wrong in thinking that you
want it more than most people?
I don't think it like my vanity - it's
different - this desire for reverberation:
(not that Daudet's letter is a good
example of what I mean) It may be
that you are an externalizer. I'm
thinking out certain problems for my
next book: that's why this comes pat.
Yes. I'm at Wotton of course me
may continue to hide behind a
hedge & see each other. My head - oh

thank whatever Gods there be — remains to form screwed
I'm getting along fast with the digesting paring &
fiddle faddling which I've got to go through with,
& am entertaining & wolves to tea. No:
psychologically I think you were wrong about my
being "huffy" when you mentioned time & life. It was
I think nervousness at the commence & that reason-
which however came & passed, as gently & imperceptibly
as a lamb, 2 years ago. So I don't think
my headaches are due to that — indeed I cursed the
Dr the other day, who said, as they always said, as they
all say, you'll be much better then. So why
these headaches now? However I admit I caved a
far worse dose than I've had did I tell you
of my first political skinful, in the worst two, & my
Coma, when I was drowsy & peaceful as a crushed
snake? How I was hauled out to Comm'ns &
meetings, abused & vooked & at last resigned, &
now with never sign a petition & Even read NYPL a
report let alone attend a conference again? Still
though I withdraw. Leonard dissents. Last winter NYPL
the bray & the drone of those tortured voices almost sent me
crazy — meetings in the next room. And did I ever
tell you of the visit late one night of the starving woman?
No — one can't, alas, entirely withdraw. But
why am I droning on? Because
lunch is late V.

Rota 2.4.63

Monday. M.H. Aug 3rd 1936

Oh dear me! I sincerely misled you — about L. & politics. It never never made me go to a meeting in my life. Certainly not this summer. No: what I meant was, I was pressed by Gtn. Fowler to be on a Committee: then they bothered me to take part: endless correspondence: I refused to budge: finally resigned. But it was harrowing. A woman called Ellis Williams ran amok. Gide & other famous French abused me.. But no: not Leonard. What is true though is that we have letters in the next room — his Ellen: I hear them Groaning — That's all. And that's as far as M Barring mountain — That's Lytton. & passion.

as author, I long to read your article: hope it may
touch my eyes, which are sealed to the merits of
that delightful man as novelist. How far can
one now compare him to Meredith seriously
minds me. What common scale can we
have in literature! And I read M.B. again
the other day, & felt blindness pervade.

No more. The 5 volumes did for me
next day: but my mother-in-law was so
delighted & so kind & so touching in her gratitude
that I couldn't think my headache ill earned

No more, once more V.

NYPL
Rota 2.4.63

funny! at Bloomsbury

Monks House,

Aug. 13th 1936

I send back the Baring article; but I'm not going to say what I think of it, for two reasons. First, I should have to write some serious criticism, for which my brain is at the moment unfit (I'm such a prig, I can't bear to write frivolously about books) and Second: you'll be amused to hear. Jan made the blood come to my head the other day by some remarks of Jean's on "Bloomsbury". Now here on the very second page I think you say "important — there the great Bloomsbury word" & again the blood rushes. To explain would take too long. But I daresay you'll twig from the following perforation: A young man the other day sent me a book in which he perpetually